2024

AMOREENA

ISSUE 1

FEATURING

AN INTERVIEW WITH SAM TALLENT

THE CAROLINA CATASTROPHE

A HORROR STORY FROM THE HORSES MOUTH

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

IF YOU'VE MADE IT THIS FAR THAN THIS IDEA WAS A SUCCESS. TIME IS A NONRENEWABLE RESOURCE AND I'D HATE TO WASTE YOURS. I LOVE FILMMAKING BUT THE PROCESS IS EXPENSIVE AND TIME CONSUMING SO THIS IS A PROJECT I STARTED AS AN OUTLET. THAT BEING SAID THIS IS MY OUTLET BUT THIS AIN'T HIGHLIGHTS OR PEOPLE MAGAZINE, THIS IS FLOW STATE, HONESTY AND IT'S MOST LIKLEY FULL OF GRAMMAR NO NO'S. ARTS HARD TO SHARE AND BEING TRUTHFUL IS EVEN HARDER. I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS AS MUCH AS I ENJOYED MAKING IT. - JALEN SNOWDEN

AMORE ANEA
ONE

RUNNING THE LIGHT WITH SAM TALLENT

I FOUND OUT ABOUT SAM'S WORK FROM A PODCAST HE WAS ON WITH BERT KREISCHER, DOUG STANHOPE AND SHANE GILLIS SAM WAS PROMOTING HIS BOOK "RUNNING THE LIGHT" ABOUT A BURNT OUT COMEDIAN BILLY RAY SCHAFER

"DEBAUCHED, DIVORCED AND COURTING DEATH, BILLY RAY SCHAFER IS A COMEDIAN WHO HAS FORGOTTEN HOW TO LAUGH. OVER THE COURSE OF SEVEN SPUN-OUT DAYS ACROSS THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST, HE TRAVELS FROM FROM HELL GIG TO HELL GIG IN SEARCH OF A REASON TO KEEP LIVING IN THIS BLEAK AND VIOLENT GLIMPSE INTO THE PSYCHE OF A THOROUGHLY RUINED MAN. EX-INMATE, EX-HUSBAND, EX-FATHER - COMEDIAN IS THE ONLY TITLE SCHAFER HAS LEFT. TRAPPED IN THE WRECKAGE OF HIS WASTED CAREER, BILLY RAY KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE OPPORTUNITY DOESN'T COME - OR WORSE - IT COMES AND GOES?"

AS AN INDEPENDENT ARTIST AND FILMMAKER I APPRECIATE/ENVY SAM'S INDEPENDENCE AND HIS APPROACH TO HIS ART. WHEN I REACHED OUT ABOUT INTERVIEWING HIM I WASN'T EXPECTING A RESPONSE, I'M A FILMMAKER WITH ONE SHORT UNDER MY BELT AND ALMOST FAILED MY JOURNALISM CLASS IN HIGH SCHOOL.
I GOT LUCKY AND HE DIDN'T ASK.
ENJOY MY INTERVIEW WITH

SAM TALLENT

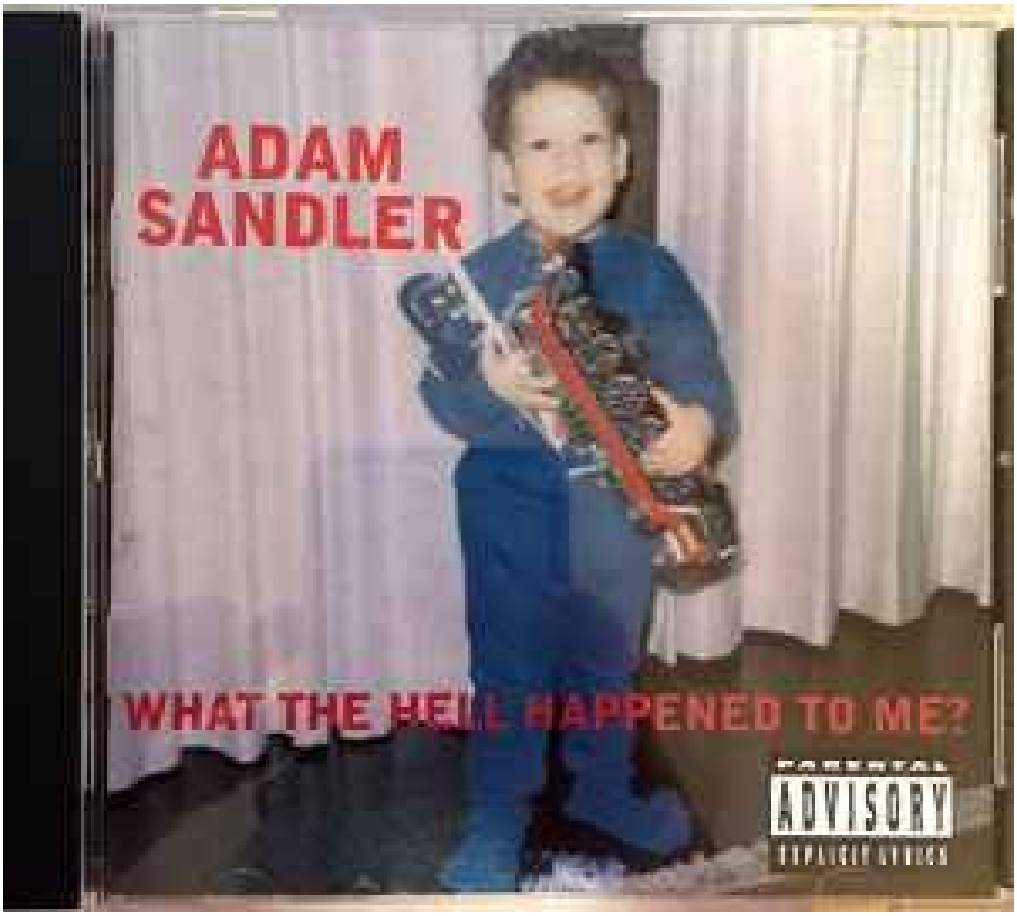
My mom was a post 9/11 country hits gal and my dad had 7 loose CDs in his 02 impala, none of which were licensed by UMG nor did they play all the way through without skipping. Eminem's recovery just came out and he did shell out the 25 bucks for the licensed version of it and by the end of 2010 Not Afraid was NOT put back in its case and was NOT able to be played much after. My parents were divorced with three kids with little money, we didn't have cable alot and mostly got channels through bunny ears, making it pretty hard to keep up with the zeitgeist. I got lucky and had an older cousin babysit me and my brothers one summer and she did what you are supposed to do, ask you if you've heard of xyz and then shame you for having no clue who Dane Cooke was or how to make "Get Low" by lil John and the East side boys play as soon as you click on your MySpace profile. I also watched alot of The Dick Cavett Show, I still love it to this day and even have a copy of his autobiography that the Chillicothe city library is expecting to get back.

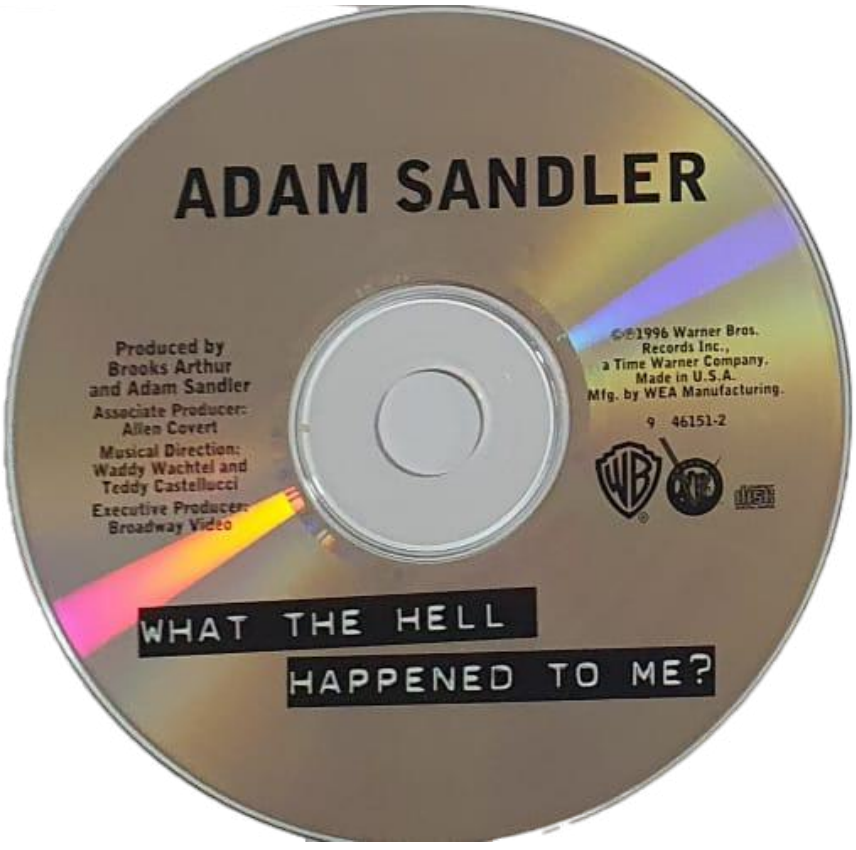
There was a cheap video camera that had a grip on the throat of baby boomers and early millennials called "Flip video" it was a horizontal piece of trash but it was the first time I saw a way to get video from device to computer. Thank god my mom didn't make me go to an after school program and let me ride the bus home with no super vision until she got home . I'd spend that time mostly on loading screens but sometimes the Spiderman 3 trailer would load. Pandora Radio unsheltered me, I'm not bullshitting.. the algorithm was gnarly! The iPod in my head was growing.

One of my favorite albums is Adam Sandler's "What the hell happened to me?" (And no I don't like it because its funny, I LOVE IT CUS IT RIPS) My favorite Sandman jam "Ode to my car" played, I nodded in approval. I was excited to hear another jam but instead Norm MacDonald's "Me Doing Standup" Played…

"I as much as I was indignant about his acquittal
I'm equally indignant about his going to prison for stealing his fucking own shirts
I don't think if you steal your own shirts should get 35 consecutive life sentences
that doesn't seem fair to me at all"

I didn't know really anything about stand up, I loved comedy movies and my dad had Eddie Murphys RAW on dvd but I didn't know people made cds for


ADAM
SANDLER
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO ME?
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS


ADAM SANDLER
Produced by
Brooks Arthur
and Adam Sandler
Associate Producer:
Allen Covert
Musical Direction:
Waddy Wachtel and
Teddy Castellucci
Executive Producer:
Broadway Video
©℗1996 Warner Bros.
Records Inc.,
a Time Warner Company.
Made in U.S.A.
Mfg. by WEA Manufacturing.
9 46151-2
WHAT THE HELL
HAPPENED TO ME?

Did you ever have a comedy album on CD or Vinyl Growing up? i know alot of people have shifted to YouTube specials but they aren't really on Spotify, is the half a penny per one stream the reason or what do you think?

SAM TALLENT

The second city Chicago put out a book commemorating themselves and there was a cd of sketches that came with it. There was a sketch called Gump on there. It was Adam McKay who now directs movies and Scott Adsit from 30 rock. The sketch was about a guy who goes into his performance review at work, but he owns the company. The owner took an IQ test as part of the review and it's revealed the owner is "legally retarded" but the employee breaking the news is scared to question the owners authority even though he should not be able to run the company due to his intellectual disability. It's classic high status buffoon and tiptoeing subordinate, but it blew my mind. It was like hearing Lightning Bolt for the first time. I was 16 when my aunt got me the book because I wanted to go to second city and study in Chicago. The book was fine but that cd and specifically that sketch rewired my brain. My life could be separated into before Gump and after Gump. I used to play it for my friends in my car, turning them on like we were getting high for the first time. My buddy David gborie who does stand up too went to high school with me and we still talk about that sketch like it was a sacred text we were lucky to receive. That was in 2003 but we revere it to this day. I think it's on the Internet archive. If you can find it, do it. It holds up as a piece of timeless comedy. "These are forty dollar socks, Jerry." I can do it word for word 20 years later.

SAM TALLENT
THE TOADS MORALE

DIRECTOR.....ZAC TULL
DIRECTOR OF CINEMATOGRAPHY...ANTHONY SANDRIN
SOUND & MUSIC EDITORS....PAT RICHARDSON
CAMERA OPERATORS.....PAT RICHARDSON & ZAC TULL
TITLE CARDS..... JOE HATFIELD
WRITTEN & PERFORMED BY. ...SAM TALLENT
FILMED AT...GO BANANAS COMEDY CLUB IN CINCINNATI OHIO
WITH GRATITUDE
BOBBY CRANE
BRENT GILL
AARON URIST
CHRISTIE BUCHELE
STEPHEN AGYEI
JOHN NOVOSAD
JOSH BLUE
DONNY TOWNSEND
NOAH REYNOLDS
ALEC FLYNN
RICH D'AMORE
KYLE KINANE
TIM DILLON
DOUG STANHOPE
ADAM EGET
MOM: WISH YOU WERE HERE

I'm on "Friday" so no spoilers but do you think Billy Ray Schafer ever released an album?

SAM TALLENT

Multiple albums. Multiple specials. He did everything comedians aspire to. He probably hosted telethons and guest hosted the tonight show and played celebrity softball on MTV. He had everything we want and did everything we want and that's why we fear becoming him - because he is us and we are him. We all contain tragedy. We rise knowing one day we'll fall.

Your book “Running The light” was self published, you Produced your own travel show “SAM TALENT’S WIDE WORLD” and I’m assuming (if im wrong my b I searched and couldn’t find) your comedy special “The Toads Morale” filmed in my hometown Cincinnati, Ohio. O-H!

I really admire your independence.
As an independent filmmaker you are my North Star

Was being self sufficient something you wanted from the jump or did you have to get burned enough to take matters in your own hands?

SAM TALLENT
RUNNING THE LIGHT
FOREWORD BY KYLE KINANE
AD BY BERT KREISCHER, MARC MARON, DOUG STANHOPE,TIM DILLON,
SHAFFIR, DAN SODER, CHRIS GETHARD, KYLE KINANE, TRAE CROWDER,
CKIE KASHIAN, ADAM CAYTON-HOLLAND, DAVID GBORIE, RICK KERNS,
KRISTINE LEVINE, NATHAN LUND, NORA LYNCH, JOHN NOVOSAD,
PHIL PALISOUL, AND MORE

SAM TALLENT

I learned everything I know about show business from playing in punk bands. We booked our tours and made our merch and recorded ourselves and our friends and threw shows when bands needed them because otherwise the shows wouldn't have happened. Everything you do yourself is going to be your singular vision, unfiltered and flawed and perfect and yours. No one can make it worse and no one can make it better. Also every job you do yourself is a job you don't have to pay someone to do. It's financially responsible. You can learn to screen print and a shirt goes from $8 per unit to $1.60. You make your own fliers (it's fun I still do it sometimes). You keep as much as you business in house as you can and the house is easier to afford. We admired black flag and minutemen and later the fort thunder bands from Providence and they all did everything themselves. That book our band could be your life was very formative to me and my crew and I ported those pages over to comedy. And community is important to me. Bringing the whole team with you. The crew who shoots my specials I've known since third grade. The wide world guys are my best friends. I'd rather collaborate with people who share the same aesthetic and vibe than a slick production company. At least I know my squad is going to make something we believe in as opposed to a product. I am new to collaborating and I'm excited about it. Trusting people to do their jobs, flex their expertise. They put their stink on my stink and the smell is deep and complex. I've watched these dudes grow and shine and innovate and I'm so proud of them. I admire them and I'm grateful I get to make shit with them. Their victories are my victories and their strengths become my strengths. I'm just the horse and I'm glad they can ride me.

I just saw a clip on x (twitter) of twitch streamer *Kai Cenat* and he had Kevin hart on and they broke Kai's streaming record (720,000 live viewers), I've never watched a stream before, not because I think its dumb but because I think I was working in construction and it was such a demanding job that I couldn't be on my phone so I missed the year that whole twitch thing become popular. I accept it's just one of them things I'm not going to understand. I'm big on knowing the lore and if I don't have foreplay I can't fuck.
Do you watch any streamers on twitch?

SAM TALLENT

I don't do twitch. I don't game anymore. I have stuff to do before I die.

This next question is my white album

I am a huge fan of Billy McCusker and SPUD's podcast WARMODE, and I was relistening to an episode the other day and Spud was across the pond for the first time (I've never rooted for anyone more than him) and he talks about meeting up with you in Paris. Do you stand on by your 3D printed adidas being better than HOKAS?
&
Do you regret not doing poppers with Roman Polanski son in Paris?

SAM TALLENT

No hokas are great. ASICS too. Those 3D shoes ended up being dog shit. I want to try on clouds. I still strive to find the best walking shoe for the plus sized man on the go. I'm 6'4 320 so I punish shoes. They don't make a shoe for the huge man who likes to chew pavement. There aren't many of us alive still.

SAM TALLENT

-

Only thing I regret about the Polanski party is not secretly filming the house. The younger Polanski Elvis was his name took me and my buddy bonzo (who films my specials and is camera guy on wide world) to his room to watch his student films and I should have sent bonzo into the house while I distracted the boy. But we were too stoned. It was really funny to wind up at Polanski's with Andrew (spud). I'm glad we could do that together. He's a great guy and it was beautiful to see him experience Paris for the first time. He was truly loving it and I got to see the city I adore with his fresh eyes. His enthusiasm was intoxicating and I think we became buds.

WARMODE

SHOOTIN' THE SHIT

Fabric Softener: yay/nay

YAY

Expensive shower products over/underrated

Good shower head is all I need. High heat high pressure Irish spring bar.

Chips or candy

Baked lays all day. And pistachios in the shell

Mic on the stand Or Holding it

On the stand. Keeps me from pacing. It grounds me and my hands are free.

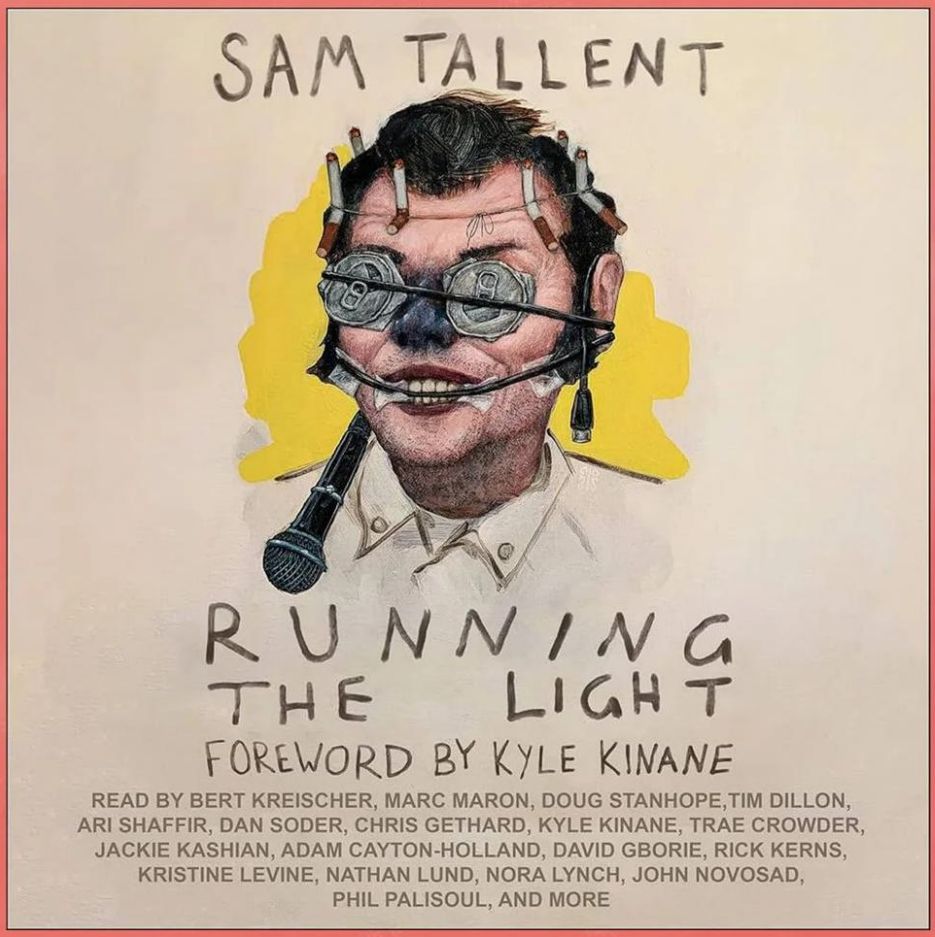
Skyline Chilli.. now brotha chose your words wisely... into it or nah, feel free to elaborate.

It's fine. I prefer to go to the Findlay market in OTR when I'm in cincy and gather my goods there and eat off them all weekend. Skyline is solid once a year. The cheese is a bit much but the noodles are a great delivery system for the above average chili. But red chili sucks compared to green chili and I'm from Colorado where we do that better than anyone. Go broncos.

FULL SPECIAL THE TOAD'S MORALE
ON MATT AND SHANES SECERT PODCAST
YOUTUBE

SAM TALLENT'S WIDE WORLD
ON HIS YOUTUBE

RUNNING THE LIGHT
WRITTEN BY SAM TALLENT
WWW.SAMTALLENT.COM


SAM TALLENT
RUNNING
THE LIGHT
FOREWORD BY KYLE KINANE
READ BY BERT KREISCHER, MARC MARON, DOUG STANHOPE,TIM DILLON,
ARI SHAFFIR, DAN SODER, CHRIS GETHARD, KYLE KINANE, TRAE CROWDER,
JACKIE KASHIAN, ADAM CAYTON-HOLLAND, DAVID GBORIE, RICK KERNS,
KRISTINE LEVINE, NATHAN LUND, NORA LYNCH, JOHN NOVOSAD,
PHIL PALISOUL, AND MORE

AUDIO BOOK

NARRATED BY KYLE KINANE, BERT KREISCHER, TRAE CROWDER, ARI SHAFFIR, MARC MARON, DAN SODER, ADAM CAYTON HOLLAND, DAVID GBORIE, CHRIS GETHARD, DOUG STANHOPE, TIM DILLON, JACKIE KASHIAN, TRACY CHALLE, GREG CHALLE, NATHAN LUND, JOHN NOVOSAD, PHIL PALISOUL, NORA LYNCH, KRISTINE LEVINE, RICK KERNS, EMILY TALLENT

SAM TALLENT
WITH NATHAN "LUND" LUND
a fine-looking set of men, with mules to trade.
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Rooted in the past but constantly evolving
the ultimate refresher
PREP FOR ADVENTURE. reap the rewards.
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5/31-6/1 WINNIPEG
6/7-6/8 ROCHESTER, NY
6/13 LAFAYETTE, LA
6/14-6/15 NEW ORLEANS
6/21-6/22 SAN FRANCISCO
6/25 PETALUMA
6/27-6/29 BATAVIA, IL
7/11 MORGANTOWN, WV
7/12-7/14 PITTSBURGH
7/18-7/20 DETROIT
7/25-7/27 DUBLIN, IR
8/30-8/31 WILMINGTON, NC
9/6 DALLAS
THEY SAY HE WILL NEVER DIE
9/7 HOUSTON
9/13-9/14 AUSTIN
9/26-9/28 LAS VEGAS
10/3-10/6 BENTONVILLE, AR
10/10-10/12 BRIDGEPORT, CT
10/13 NEWPORT, RI
10/24 SAVANNAH
10/25-10/26 CHARLESTON, SC
11/1-11/3 PHILADELPHIA
11/8-11/9 SAN DIEGO
11/14 ST. LOUIS
11/15-11/16 CINCINNATI
11/21-11/23 TAMPA
11/27-11/30 DENVER
12/6-12/7 SPRINGFIELD, MO
12/19-12/21 MILWAUKEE
What Else Should I Know
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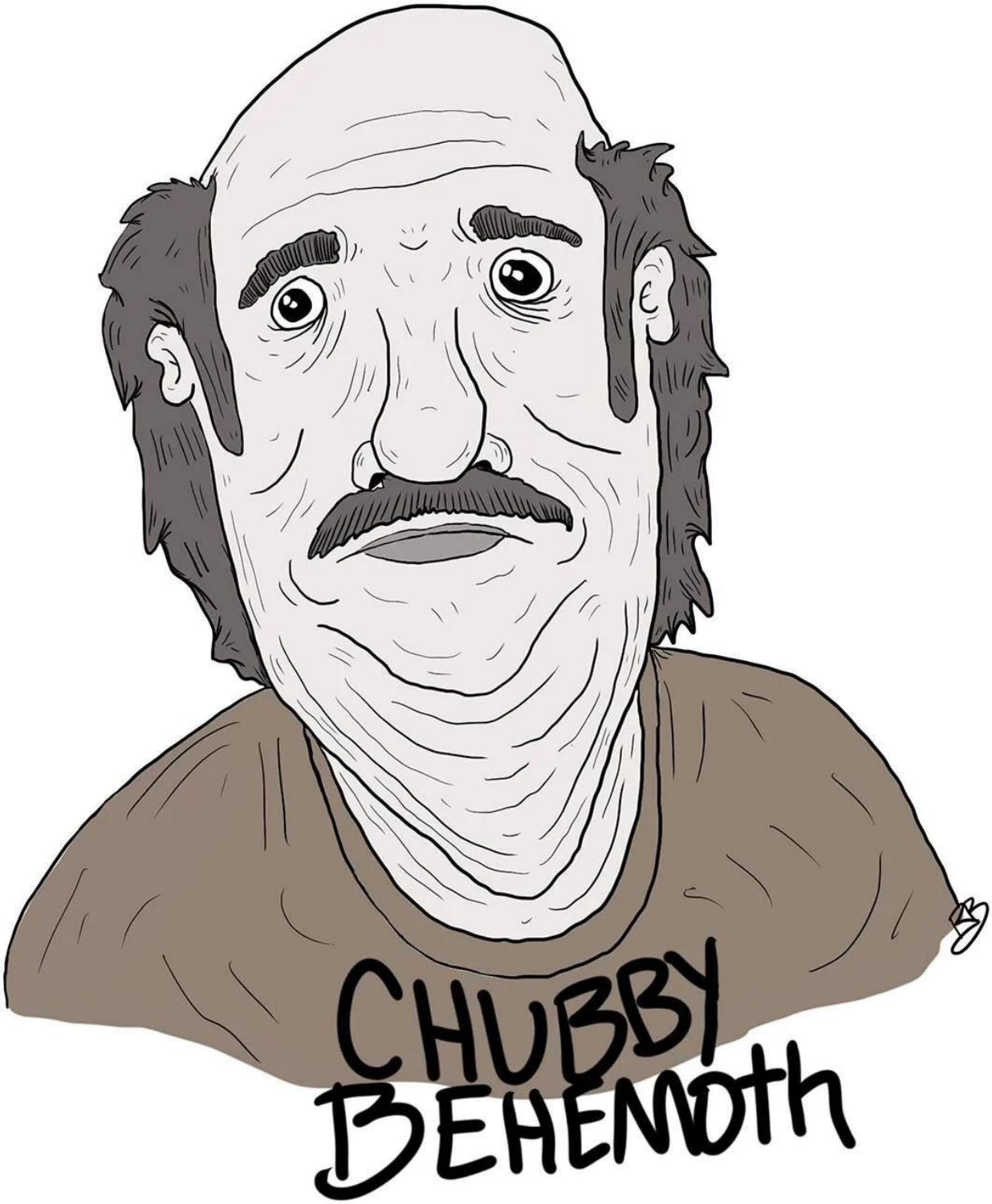
EXPERIENCE YOUR AMERICA



Check out the
Chubby Behemoth podcast by
Sam Tallent and Nathan Lund

FLOR

THE CAROLINA CATASTROPHE

"THE WHITCHY WOMEN PUT
A CURSE ON MY TOUNGE
AND I ASKED FOR MORE"

By October of 2021 we had been through enough shit and the vaccine passport gave most people peace of mind to slowly venture out, concerts were sprouting and marvel fans finally got to take a break from mediocre shows on Disney+ to finally figure out if Tobey Maguire and Andrew Garfield would be in *Spiderman No Way Home*
The Dead (The Grateful Dead or Dead an Company if you wanna be an asshole) had announced a summer tour after the winter leg got canned by covid. I liked the Dead, but not for the music as much as my contemporaries, I really dug the lore around them and tall tales passed down from those who made it out of the 70s. Oh.. and mostly the drugs, the drugs ruled hahaha sorry mom.
I had already been to a good bit of shows since my first show in Charolette, North Carolina in 2019, it was a perfect storm of being single, looking the best ill probably ever look and John Mayer joining The Grateful Dead and them hitting the road.

PROLOUGE

OCTOBER 2021

This story is a cautionary tale, a defining moment where I realized I am human and maybe I'm not the vagabond I claimed. luckily for me I don't mind changing.
October was still swimming weather and the chances of a jacket ruining your costume were low, nothing worse than being Luigi with a north face on.
My lifetime dawggie, lil bestie, and roommate Seth pulled up to our apartment and told me he was contemplating (his mind was made up and he needed his ace, his shii im down, his lil bestie to justify an unjustifiable act) going to see the dead in Charolette, he had just traveled to Noblesville, Indiana to see them a few weeks prior. I let him do that one solo but I had already seen them in Cuyahoga Falls and at home base in Cincinnati, so felt I earned my stripes and was looking forward to retirement.... I ended up being honorably discharged.

DISCLAIMER!

IN THIS STORY DRUGS MAY COME ACROSS IN A ROMANTIC WAY, I LOVED DRUGS AND I TRIED THEM ALL. I'M LUCKY, I WENT THROUGH PERIOD OF MY LIFE BEING EXPERIMENTAL AND FREE AND STILL BREATHING...

A LOT OF PEOPLE DIDN'T GET SO LUCKY, AND IT SUCKS.
I MAY NOT BE THE BEST PERSON TO GO THROWING AROUND ADVICE AND DON'T GET IT FUCKED UP... I STILL THROW DOWN BUT IF I CAN OFFER ANY ADVICE...

DO THEM SHITS BUT DO NOT LET THEM SHITS DO YOU, YOU ARE THE CAPTAIN AND THIS IS YOUR VESSEL, DON'T GET SHIPWRECKED.

ALSO LEAVE THE NOSE DRUGS ALONE, NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR CHILDHOOD OR YOUR OPINION ON... ANYTHING HONESTLY. DRINK THE BEERS AND PASS OUT ON THE COUCH WITH THE WRAPPER OF THE CRUNCH WRAP SUPREME AS YOUR PILLOW

5 AM AND AWAKE DOESN'T LOOK GOOD ON ANYONE.

TM Just
say no

Every gambler knows
That the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away
And knowin' what to keep
'Cause every hand's a winner
And every hand's a loser
And the best that you can hope for
Is to die in your sleep"

CAN'T LEAVE
IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE DOOR

Charlotte North Carolina might as well be Folsom Prison. Asheville Tennessee wasn't exactly skittles either, a van that read "church of Christ" passes being driven by a pile of meth that someone used one of there three wishes to make sentient.
It was dark when we left Cincinnati and it was dark when we got to the Tar Heel State.
The restaurant's said open but it was always fools gold.

I'm easily convinced and optimistic by default, most days that's my super power but id be lying if I said its never gotten me in a pickle. My best friend and roommate Seth convinced me and our buddy jack to take ride with him to Charolette, North Carolina to catch the Dead play.
"We don't know how much longer they are going to touring" works so well, and its true... we don't know how much longer. Aging is a mother fucker, we can't all go out like James Dean and leave a good looking corpse.

I wasn't surprised we started driving so late in the night with no snacks, money or a place to stay... it's hard to be surprised by something you do so often, A month prior four full grown boys split a queen mattress at a roach motel an exit way from the strip in Nashville with very minimal complaints

It's hard to complain while the room is spinning.

To clarify we didn't have snacks but jack thought ahead and brought oven baked wings from home in tubberware. He did the right thing by offering them up, we did the right thing by declining, 3 boys with wings in the tummy... that car would've sounded like a gun range.

It's not my place to say what is and what isn't appropriate for snacks on the open road, I wonder what Louis would've said if Clark packed a ten piece...

He'd probably be stoked, Sacagawea would've been pissed there wasn't ranch

Civic has wings

Malnourished, I looked back and saw my Seth as a drumstick, to the left jack was honey baked ham.

We tried and failed at the usual suspects
(McDonalds only really)
Like a fly on shit we locked in on a Waffle House sign glowing from an exit, hunger was the driving force but our homelessness was an issue itching its way to top priority.
There are two types of Waffle House vibes and you can tell by the parking lot. Truckers/12 steppers, or river monsters dead set on destruction. this was a rare instance, complete ghost town except a few guys eating on the hood of lime green Chrysler 300 (A Chrysler 300 looks like a phantom until one pulls up hahahah) gave em head nods and grabbed a door handle that didn't budge...
I made eye contact with a strange bird inside and he buzzed us in, his name was porkchop.
"imma let you boys know before you get set in your ways, dine in area is closed, we dont have silverware, we don't got OJ, we do have chocolate milk but we do not have togo cups"
without blinking "that's cool"

We made it easy on porkchop, hit the waffle maker, throw some eggs and bacon on the grill and drop bread in the toaster and we are outta here.
"we are out of waffles"
Small chuckles broke the tension in the air as we gave porky the thumbs up
fresh off a smoke break the ace in the hole, dynamite super chef Debra, she didn't even need the ticket, she knew we'd eat shit if it was covered in syrup, luckily for us they were out of that too.

I BET YOU THOUGHT I WAS FIBBING

Finding a place proved difficult, everything changed with covid but im positive pulling into a hotel without a reservation and praying for vacancy ended around the same time terminator 2 hit theaters.
first hotel didn't even unlock the doors, just a silhouette of large lady giving us the nod.

we found refuge in a roach motel miles from the venue, although it had a room for us and the contential breakfast was being prepped, they were just waiting on the apples to get done smoking there cigarettes... we still had problems. I would say the biggest problem was the language barrier between the Indian lady and three exhausted white boys seconds away from activating our dormant republican antics. it wasn't actually, this lady and us all spoke cold hard cash. our issue was if she let us in this late we would be technically getting a room for two days, not one so we had to wait an hour before our shoulders could rest. we shouldn't have but we did try speeding the process up by sitting in the lobby and playing our tiktoks and reels out loud, full volume, yes this is rude, yes we were in the wrong, no we didn't get our room a second early.

waking up in the ashtray off the highway illuminated how poor our planning really was, this fucking room had critter, it had the painting you'd expect but what the room didn't have was an ounce of fresh scent. it smelled like someone put out a cigarette on a grape and put all of that in a sock and then got it soaking wet while a dog used it as a chew toy.

no point in sitting in it, lets bounce.

we needed a meal and a beer wouldn't hurt so we start looking, it'd be nice to find a hole in the wall burger platter and a coors light.

I don't know if it was our area or if god hates us but every bar was members only and every restaurant was closed still from covid. this next mistake is strictly on me.

I found a place and I swear to god the yelp review didn't say anything about it being a go kart track and arcade combo, it also didn't say anything about a field trip.

we got burgers and pints 45 minutes after we ordered and didn't see a single staff member not in referee outfits for another 20 minutes so we dined and dashed, no I don't feel bad and actually im pro making sure that hell hole doesn't make rent. it was shit but it was perfect timing to go start the hunt for drugs on shake down street.

My first time seeing the dead was actually in Charlotte, it was the catalyst for me spending the next 3 summers chasing that high, literally.

If you are unfamiliar with the dead and what goes on outside the shows it's pretty much a flea market that you'd be embarrassed to show your mom. Carny drug addicts walk past you telling you the catch of the day, mostly acid but if you're lucky fake X, or Molly can be heard as well. They also sell t shirts at high prices and jewels for the girl you dragged with ya.

" SHAKEDOWN STREET "
GRATEFUL DEAD'S NEW ALBUM
ALBUM: ARTY 159. CASSETTE: TCART 159.

I LOOK FED UP, AND I WAS BUT I DID GET A SICK ONLINE CERAMICS SHIRT RIGHT AFTER THIS, I DIG ONLINE CERAMICS AND I DIDNT MIND SHELLING OUT 60 BONES FOR THE HOME TEAM O-H!

LITTLE DID I KNOW THE SHIRT
I BOUGHT WAS A WARNING

This was my double digit dead show and the cuteness was gone, I gotta be honest I don't even love the music or worship at the alter of Jerry Garcia, I just like everyone else getting as fucked up as me for a change.
I hate the covert missions to land a tab and it's even harder trying to get more than one. As if the events prior weren't enough trouble it seemed all the dead heads had decided to grow up over night, I'm in no mood for a full belly of IPA.

I flipped the script, "I need acid, Molly, boomers, doodads!" I got a nibble and reeled in a 250 lb Reagan baby that was stuck in his lawn chair. He reached into a cooler and sold me over priced shroom infested chocolate. I think I got 3 for probably 60 dollars, I don't remember the exact price but I do remember checking my bank account prior to the handshake. We gobbled them up and played the waiting game. There's a famous bus that travels to see the dead that parks and signifies the beginning of shakedown street, it's got its own lore and to most its Mecca and it faces true north, to me its where the evil hippies lay and trap there pray. We ran into a black guy selling acid, the equivalent to this is a white girl selling durags on Etsy, just jarring is all. we bought the acid just incase and kept it pushing.

Inside the venue I was trying my best to force the shrooms to activate, I tried to take a walk by myself, wait in a line, go into a stall but nothing... I grabbed a beer and decided to drop the acid.
As you do I befriended the couple next to us and the veteran husband and wife in front as well. Dead shows put people at ease and the crowds are always good, the evil hippies usually don't make their way in. we chatted and talked to the younger couple right up until the show started and would give them a thumbs up or a high five when a classic would start. They ruled but I still felt nothing from the naughties we bought and I was bummed, this shit just don't sound the same when you can actually hear it.

I decided to take a chance and see if anyone brought drugs into the show and started my hot dog vendor voice walking up and down the isles begging for a miracle.

finding a guy with cocaine at a dead show is like finding a black guy selling acid or a white girl selling durags, and here I was... I should've bought a lottery ticket.

A tall burley white boy in red and shite striped overalls was going row to row offering up a tiny spoon to those who dared. the last drug I wanted was cocaine but I couldn't handle another second of a 20 minute dead song.
"let me buy some of that off of you" "you can just have some man its cool"

This man was built and in the same clothing as Bucky the badger, the mascot for Wisconsin. I think he just wanted me to go away so he poured some dust into the bag that once was home to my shroom chocolate, for you novices out there NO THE SHROOMS AND COKE DID NOT TEAM UP AND BECOME A SUPER DRUG THATS NOT HOW THIS WORKS. I went to the bathroom and gave it a smell test

*hard sniff off my wrist "yup that's barely coke"

Now any sane human would pack it up and call it quits, hahahahahahahhahahaha brotha I am no quitter, in fact this made me stronger, MAMBA MENTALITY!

Back at our seats my pals asked for the run down, "no fun drugs but I found cocaine" "ok cool, im good right now"

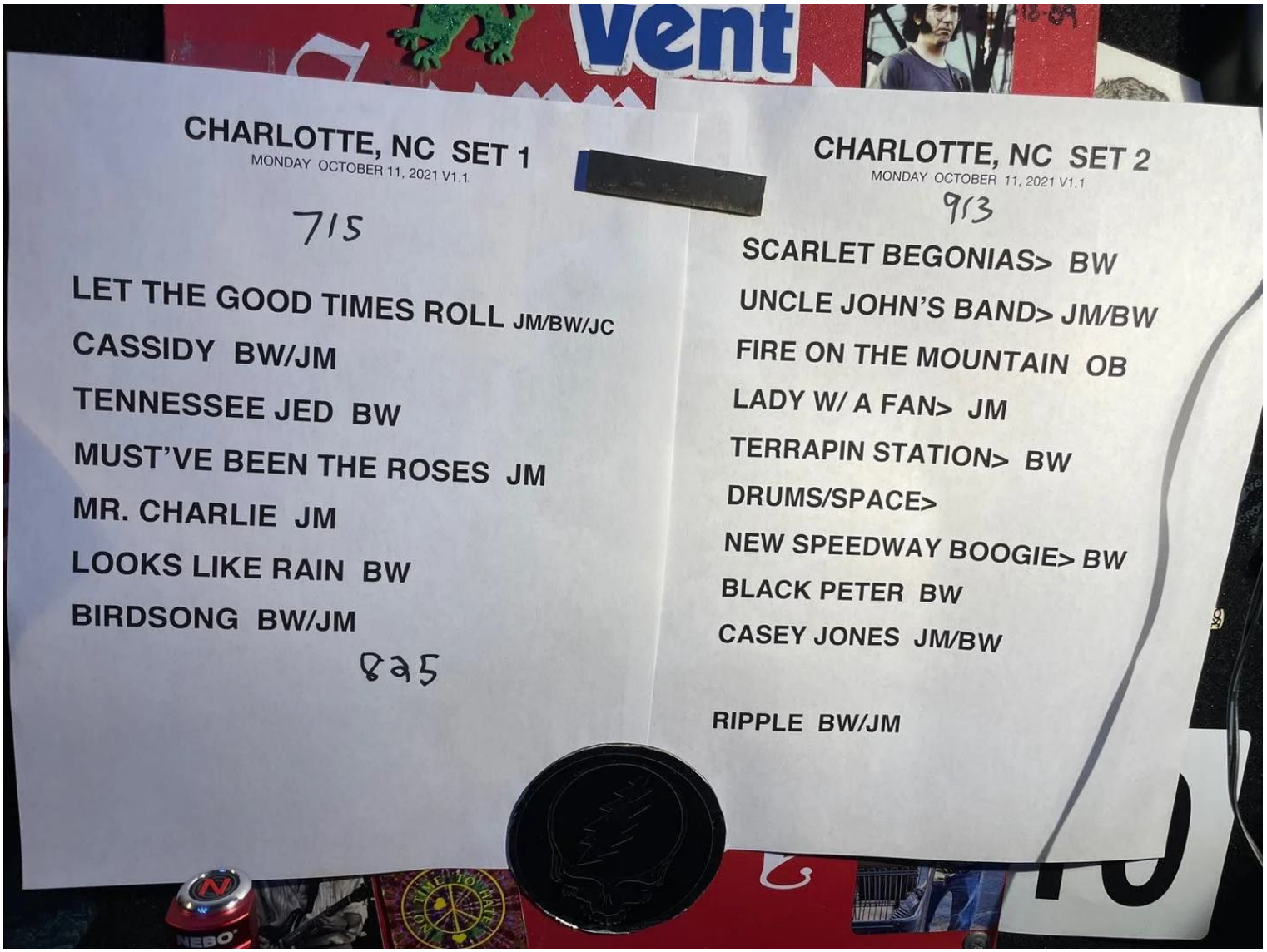
The Greatful Dead don't have openers and just play a 3 hour show with an intermission. First half of the show was such a fail that I resorted to my fail safe... black out on IPA's. At the break Seth wanted chicken tenders and I needed to make up for lot time and start binge drinking. Lines were long and I've never been patient. im not proud of much of what I've done this trip but stealing two 20 dollar IPA's out of the cooler and running into the crowd becoming faceless.... I am proud of that. As I was doing my Robin Hood routine with jack tailing me for cover I came to a dead end, a wicken draped in cloth covered in wrinkles locked my eyes "tik for tak, around the back.. your presence deserves a present"
(I know she didn't say that verbatim and actually after this all of our memory is shotty.)

This aura extended her hand revealing a tan piece of sketch paper. I looked at her like a kid looks at momma when she tells him Santa had one last gift and revealing a red rider BB gun from the coat closet.
"what is it?"
This bitch was all riddles.
"can I have two more for my friends? Pretty please?
Again all riddles as she tore off 5 or 6 pieces of paper.
I blinked and she was gone....

From here on out is a PSA on why you don't take drugs from strangers

Seth didn't even have a tender dipped in ranch before I smothered him. "So I stole these two IPA's and dipped into the crowd and..." "can I geta sip im fucking thirsty" "for sure, anyways I ran into a witch and she gave me these scrap papers and they have drugs on them"
you'd be surprised how little questions were asked...
the trio trekked back to our blanket we had laid out next to our new friends and we sat and waited. with time to kill we made a dash for a few more beers before they closed up as the band came back to the stage, I felt that warm smile and heavy tummy I had been so god damn excited for as Scarlet Begonia's ran into Uncle Johns Band WE ARE SO FUCKING BACK!

We tip toed to our seats as my personal favorite dead song played loud and proud, Fire on the Mountain sang by the bassist O'Teal also my favorite member of the dead. I was warm in my face and light on my toes, I was so fixated on finally winning I didn't notice the paramedic's bringing our new friends girlfriend back to life....
I focused in on her and saw her eyes heading for her brain while her boyfriend panicked. I was over whelmed but jack and Seth wrangled me away as I mumbled. once we broke the force field of people in the lawn we all locked in and devised a plan... just kidding we freaked out and didn't say full sentences... don't know who but the suggestion to leave and chill on shake down street seemed to be the best bet. we left as drums in space played...


vent
CHARLOTTE, NC SET 1
MONDAY OCTOBER 11, 2021 V1.1
715
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL JM/BW/JC
CASSIDY BW/JM
TENNESSEE JED BW
MUST'VE BEEN THE ROSES JM
MR. CHARLIE JM
LOOKS LIKE RAIN BW
BIRDSONG BW/JM
825
CHARLOTTE, NC SET 2
MONDAY OCTOBER 11, 2021 V1.1
913
SCARLET BEGONIAS> BW
UNCLE JOHN'S BAND> JM/BW
FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN OB
LADY W/ A FAN> JM
TERRAPIN STATION> BW
DRUMS/SPACE>
NEW SPEEDWAY BOOGIE> BW
BLACK PETER BW
CASEY JONES JM/BW
RIPPLE BW/JM

as I
was
typing
this on
my
break
from
work

former president Donald Trump was shot at in Butler PA 07/13/24 6pM

There was no slow burn with the drugs the witchy women gave us... all gas no fucking breaks, colors and sounds clashed and closing your eyes led straight to hell. I really never have been scared on drugs, im usually just giggles and profoundly dumb. This was torture, but we put on our big boy pants on and headed east.. the evil hippies on shake down street will take care of us!

WRONG!!!!

Every dead show has a shakedown street and its common law that after the show lets out that place becomes a place of refuge for civilians to sober up and collect themselves, vendors stay open and it becomes more of a grilled cheese/ casadilla vibe. personally love stayed on shake down street for hours after a show to get the courage to drive. like I said its common law, an unspoken rule. Charolette does not abide by these rules and we found out the hard way.

The plan was food, beer and pant ourselves in a spot so we could sweat this out. We plan, god laughs.
Aimlessly we walk around and for sure there were vendors and it was same as we left it but what I saw was a warshak test, things ran together and sounds were muffled but loud. my first image non fuzzy were two girls with elf ear things, you know the skin tone kind that blend good? those kind.
me "Seth, pls the fuck"
Seth "yeah bro stop lookin at shit"
Jack" cig?"
on my life I smoked that cig on drag.
okay, okay we are good... fuck this... we good...
just words our mouths let us say, they were baseless lol.
we waddled back in shakedown like the penguins from the movie Madagascar
SMILE N WAVE BOYS
im not sure where jack went but I vividly remember being cornered with Seth by spawns of satan that spoke in tongues and set me and the boy back about 50 confidence levels. Im underplaying it but for real those mother fuckers said some backwards ass shit that we both agree to this day not to bring up, im serious.. ask him, he won't indulge you... all hope was lost, we see jack or maybe he never left us I really don't know but I do know he said

"wait where is the coke"

AND THIS ONE BELONGS TO THE REDS!! FIREWORKS EVERYWHERE!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH NICE TRY MOTHERFUCKERS WE GOT A CHEATCODE.

COCAINE IS MOSTLY BAD, ON THE RECORD ITS NOT GOOD HOWEVER... IT WILL SOBER YOU UP AND BRING YOU HOME.

unfortunately It won't do much if it's barely coke and was in your pocket for a couple hours unzipped and the tiny bit still intact gets dropped on the second key bump... that was was nobody's fault, from here on out we are a team.

the concert ends and people funnel out, we found a hill to perch on, collectively we could speak at a fetus level, we was mute. bad news... we are too high too late and its a bit much, good news is we have no where to be and within an hour or two we can rest easy at the roach motel.

in all of my dead shows and actually all over my concerts I've never seen this happen.

POLICE IN RIOT GEAR ROLL INTO THE ASPHALT PARKING LOT OF PNC PARK, KICK UP DUST GIVING A MAD MAX VBE TO THE EVENING. LOUD SPEAKERS RANG OUT "THIS IS YOUR FIRRST AND ONLY WARNING! VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY!

They repeated as they banged around corners and descened on our hill heading to shake down street to face the evil hippies.
hahaha its not even fun typing this.

I'd like to state for the record that I am not proud of the choices made and I don't put myself in these situations anymore.

The war waged on, the evil hippies had the high ground but the police felt little resistance... the riot shields and tactical gear trumps sage every time. Huddled in the car we all took time to ask god for forgiveness, there's very little I wouldn't do to make this shit stop. I consider myself a high ranking tripper and have been humbled by this shit before but what we took came from the high priestess's inn the nether realm. Lights clashed with faces, sounds muffled at moments other sounds came through in Dolby Atmos. I remember what I saw to the last detail, unfortunately we haven't made words to describe it yet. I felt claustrophobic in my own skin.

Just assume we teleported back to the hotel and didn't risk peoples lives because I wanted to play cute with a warlock 30 minutes before a concert ended...
I don't remember much from walking up the stairs to our motel and face planting on the mattress. I couldn't handle the harassment my eyes were taking and closing them let out visual screams and broken colors, glitchy broken non earth colors. It was like when you have an older iPhone model and try to get the latest software update but the phone doesn't have the juice to run it so it starts lagging, it was like that but with way more disturbing flashes of hell.

best way I could describe it

Going to the bathroom wasn't the problem. Seeing myself for the first time in hours under fluorescent lighting, casting a harsh, unflattering glare that accentuated every flaw leaving me looking washed out and scared. I ran the sink cupping my hands, catapulting cold yellowy stank water mostly on my face but the floor too. If it was up to me we all would've went to the hospital, I considered it and gathered my courage as I walked out the door to a pitch black room of moans and 20 yards stairs
"okay, should we just go to the hospital"
(you need guys like this if you are gunna be bad)
"no????"
"the fuck are the gunna do"
"bro you're good, sit down and eat shit, its all we got right now"

"I know I know... who has the cigs"
crickets
I walked to everyones pants and patted, nothing.
"did we finish them? please tell me we didn't"
the room may not have been irritated with my panic but it could've just been the parasite I put on my tongue.
I grabbed the keys to the car and opened the door and tore the it apart looking for anything smokable."
nothing... FUCK!!!
the gas station across from us was divided by an interstate and even if I froggered my way across there was no shot my vocal cords would show up... back to hell.

We knew jack worked in the morning and he knew we were 8 hours away so figured he'd just call off. The motel was very intense, everything was sticky and bugs would shoot out of walls and various furniture, the unsettling feel among us was eating us away. I'm not sure how but we ended up in the car with our belongings and banded together to ditch Charolette and pray it was her fault and not ours. The high was not gone but visuals had chilled out (unless you got caught trying to close your eyes) but if this wasn't such a dire situation we'd never grab the keys. The night was long, it was extremely dark out and empty.

finally I was able to grab cigarettes and take a break from everything. I was by myself dragging the cig cartoonishly and had a moment of clarity, I think my time with experimenting and throwing caution to the wind has ended, my career as a filmmaker was non existent and the fear of being a burn out was trending upwards. I threw the butt in the dust and walked back to the car a changed man.

we talked as much as we could to keep our spirits up but all roads led to " what the fuck was that". we weren't mad at each other but we all were cranky and needed to get home and be alone.

we didn't see any light until we could see the Cincinnati skyline, chatter was dead and we looked like shit... pale and hopeless. we land at home base and barely said bye to each other. to this day when we bring it up its not with rose tinted glasses, its widely acknowledged that it was probably the worst day ever.

Oh...

and
Jack went
to work

KENNY ROGERS the GAMBLER
UA-LA934-H
• Art Direction & Design: Bill Burk • Photography: Reid Miles

And somewhere in the darkness
The gambler he broke even
But in his final words
I found an ace that I could keep

MY TOP TEN

"OH SHIT THEY'RE IN THIS!?"

"THIS IS ABOUT TO BE GOOD"

ACTOR

10

9

STEPHEN ROOT

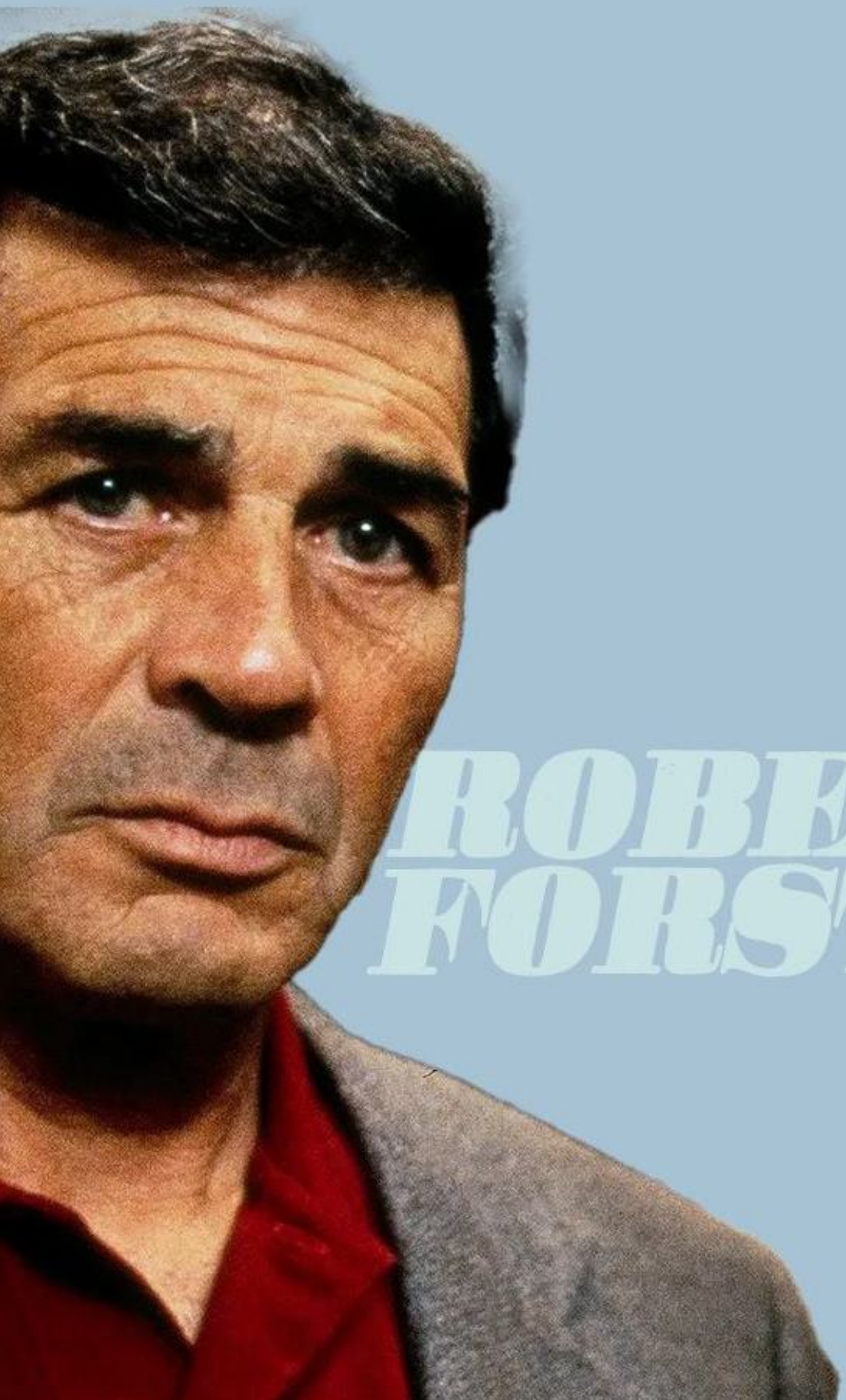
8

JUDY GREER

7

KEVIN CORRIGAN

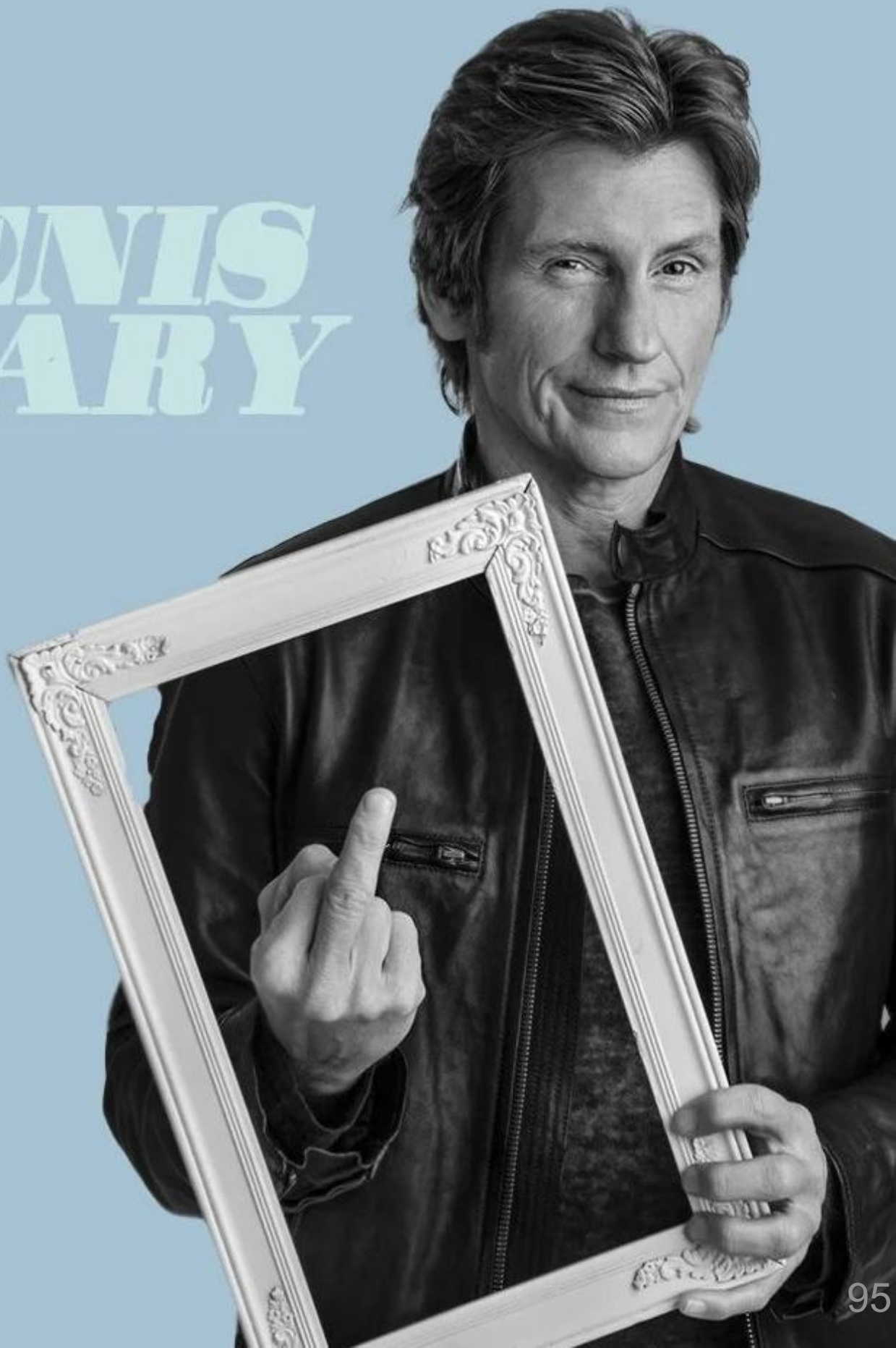
6



ROBERT FORSTER

5

DENIS LEARY



4

JASON CLARKE

3

JOAN CUSACK

2

HARRY DEAN STANTON

1

HELENA BONHAM CARTER

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A BAD, BAD DAY
ANYTHING THAT CAN GO WRONG
WILL GO WRONG

ANYTHING THAT CAN GO WRONG WILL GO WRONG

FROM BEING LATE TO WORK, A

FED UP BOSS AND THE RETURN OF

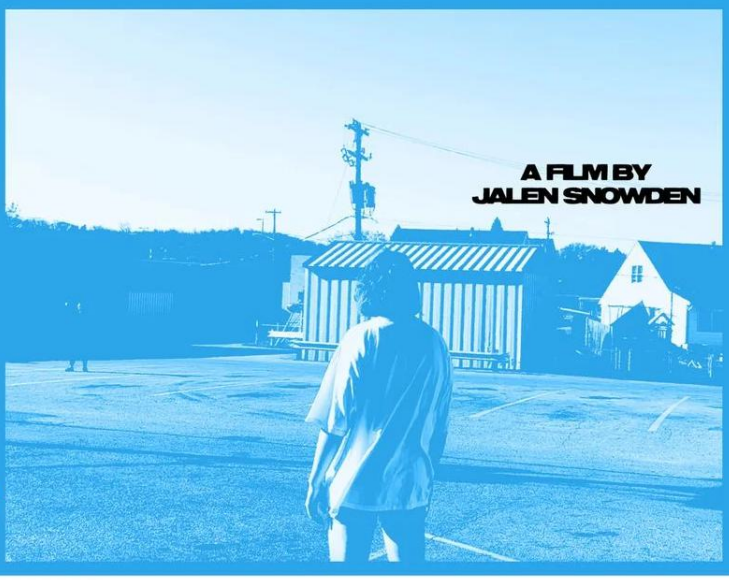
AN EX GIRLFRIEND, MURPHY IS FORCED TO DEAL

WITH HIS PAST ACTIONS ALL COMING TO A HEAD ON ONE SINGLE DAY.

A BAD, BAD DAY

DVD VIDEO

A BAD, BAD DAY



A BAD, BAD DAY ON DVD AND STREAMING